



# THE BELL RINGER



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MONTGOMERY BELL ACADEMY—NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

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## HOME COMING 1985

### Oldest Living Alum

By Don Fish

His poise, dress, and manner left no doubt in my mind that he was an MBA graduate. His mind is still as sharp as any member of the present senior class, and he remembers specific dates better than I can. Dr. Kirby Jackson graduated from MBA in 1914, on the eve of World War I, and, at the age of 92, is MBA's oldest living alumnus. Dr. Jackson is not like other 92-yr. olds; he is extremely witty, well-groomed, and quick. The headmaster at the time he attended MBA was Isaac 'Ball' of Ball Building fame, whom Dr. Jackson remembers as warm, very organ-

ized, and very gentlemanly.

No doubt that MBA has changed since Dr. Jackson's days, and since he is so active in present events and has even been to more football games than any of our student body, I visited him at Park Place Retirement Center in Hendersonville recently to ask him about his thoughts on the school. The home in which he lives is more like a ritzy hotel than a nursing center; it is only one year old, is not overcrowded, and is better decorated than the Waldorf-Astoria. Mr. Bondurant discovered the new home for Dr. Jackson, who was dissatisfied with his old home.

When I visited him, his room was in immaculate condition, and classical music was blaring from his stereo. He told me that he had been expecting me for some time now, and 20 minutes later, after the tape in the stereo had ended, we began our interview.

**Bell Ringer:** What was the campus like in 1914?

It was one building, one large study hall with classrooms off it—I'm not sure where the building was, but it was not where the campus is now.

**Bell Ringer:** How many people were in your class?

Only four. There weren't quite one hundred in the school.

**Bell Ringer:** What was the dress code?

There was no dress code.

**Bell Ringer:** Well, what did you wear?

I wore slacks, a coat and a tie, of course.

**Bell Ringer:** What was tuition?

I don't know. I was on scholarship. Montgomery Bell left enough money in his will to pay for 10 boys' tuition each year, and I applied, and I got it. That's how I got to go.

**Bell Ringer:** What sort of discipline? Were there demerits?

No.

**Bell Ringer:** Was there any discipline at all?

Yeah, I got expelled. I didn't do anything, but I got expelled (suspended). It was during examinations, and I had one in plain geometry, so I got to school early to study, and the hall was locked, and it was cold, and I couldn't concentrate outside. There were some boys there early, too, who wanted to know if I wanted to get in, and I said sure, it was cold outside. So we leaned against the door and got in, and the first thing you know, they're hurling chalk all over the place, and I got hit. I didn't like that much, so I picked it up to throw it back, and I had my arm back, and here came Mr. Ball up the stairs. He was very cool, calm not agitated at all, led the assembly, had a short prayer, and was not at all rattled. Then he said, "There was a disturbance this morning. What was the cause of all that?" No one said anything, of course. He said, "Who all was in that anyway?" Well, I wasn't going to holler out and say that I was in it, so he came down off the platform, and went down boy by boy, row by row, asking if each boy was involved. I

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### Spaghetti Supper

By Sean Curry

On October 8, upwards of 2,500 pasta connoisseurs flocked to the Brownlee O'Curry Gymnasium for the 41st annual Spaghetti Supper. The supper marked not only the beginning of homecoming festivities but also the culmination of the Mother's Auxiliary efforts. Forty-nine committee chairwomen worked for months in preparation for the Supper, asking mothers to prepare food, inviting waitresses, and securing the plasticware and other accessories necessary for the evening's success.

The Mother's Auxiliary asked each family to contribute food to the Supper: seventh graders brought brownies, eighth graders—cookies, freshmen—sauce, sophomores—salad, juniors—pasta, and seniors—pastries for the bake sale. The Auxiliary issued an across-the-board invitation to freshman at Harpeth Hall and St. Cecelia, as well as to anyone's friend or sister, to serve as waitresses. Laura Butler, a freshman from Franklin Road Academy, described her duties: "Get people tea, coffee, and lemonade; clear the trash; be friendly and courteous." Indeed, it was a thrill for these young ladies to work on "the Hill." When asked the most thrilling part of being a waitress, Margie Ayers responded, "Cute guys." Whatever their motives, however, the waitresses were excellent and provided service with a smile.

Another facet of the Supper is the alumni dinner, held for the second year in the small gym, and honoring the classes of '60 and '75. The alumni dinner is a chance for the classes to come together in the true spirit of homecoming and to

reminisce. Willie Hardison ('60) recalled homecoming 1959, saying that this Spaghetti Supper "is a little better organized. I look forward to a good football game, having beaten the eighth team in the state (Springfield) 32-7 when I was a senior and a halfback . . . under Coach Tommy Owen . . . I was fortunate enough to get two touchdowns myself, and 106 yards in six carries." For Tate Bradley ('60), the Supper allowed an opportunity to meet Mr. Bondurant and to see the newly renovated and expanded campus for the first time. Wade Smith ('81) best summed up the nostalgic emotions of the evening: "The spaghetti is great . . . I was expecting something else besides spaghetti at the Spaghetti Supper, but they surprised me, and it was spaghetti . . . I haven't been to the Supper in eight years because of football, and this is . . . the best-tasting spaghetti I've ever tasted . . . tell the mothers they did a great job."

1985 marks "the first year that we have had all aspects of the food preparation under our control," said committee chairwoman Sherri Chilton. "Instead of having a commercial kitchen do the noodles for us, we are using the facilities at Vine St. Church." Another first for this year is the addition of iced tea to the beverage menu. Despite the fact that "some of Dr. Neergaard's friends were disappointed in the tea," the yodeling chemistry teacher rated the Supper as "pretty good." Faculty opinions were otherwise exuberant. Mrs. Shell witnessed "as large a crowd as I have ever seen" and described the spaghetti as "splendid." Mrs.

'Mama' Hollins said, "I love it. It's delightful, delicious, delectable. If only I could win a prize." And in his own inimitable style, our beloved Dr. Niemeyer said, "This fantastic spaghetti . . . will bring about enlightenment, order, and spiritual life. Reason over passion."

Whatever the comments, one fact stands clear: the Spaghetti Supper captures the true spirit of homecoming, uniting the student body, and allowing the alumni a chance to return to their alma mater. Quoth Robin Henderson ('85), "I miss it. I miss it a lot. I do. I miss playing football." Mr. Lucian Williams, working at his 28th Spaghetti Supper, recalled his first Supper in 1957 during Mr. Francis E. Carter's first year as headmaster: "My first one . . . wasn't much like this. It was very nice. The work was much harder . . . I worked for hours a day, five days a week . . . I wanted to quit and go fishing . . . but I stayed (to help Mr. Carter) . . . I've met so many of the boys, and I'm just glad to see them come back. It seems that the people are really enjoying themselves." Mrs. Chilton noted that it's so traditional. It has been for so long, and it runs so smoothly." Having attended all but one Supper since 1954, Mr. William Carothers ('59) made the following comparison:

"This supper is bigger and louder, and has much nicer surroundings. The waitresses? Prettier."

Congratulations and thanks to the Mother's Auxiliary and the MBA community for the tremendous success of Spaghetti Supper 1985.



The Unitz playing at Homecoming Dance.

Patrick Wilson Library  
Montgomery Bell Academy  
Nashville, Tennessee

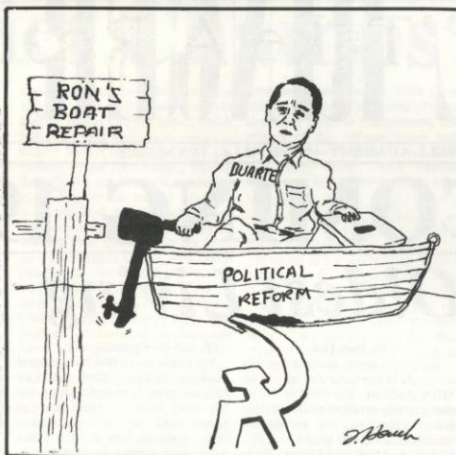


# Editorials

## America Unbound

By Warren Sproule

The recent upsurge of extreme patriotism in this country represents a trend that is a bit disturbing. This pro-American sentiment, a result primarily of the Reagan campaign, has evolved into far more than a new genre of books, music, and films, more importantly, it has changed the way Americans feel about their homeland. While patriotic feeling is an important if not necessary part of a nation's image, both domestically and abroad, the belief of "My country, right or wrong," is the product of unthinking minds wooed into blind acceptance of this principle through the mass media blitzkrieg of false patriotism. Patriotism as a trend is not true patriotism at all, and believe it or not, no one needs Bruce Springsteen or Rambo to tell him how to feel about his country. This nationalistic trend is also dangerous, for it advances patriotism as a panacea and thus blinds people to the real problems in America as well as to the solutions. If the American people are to solve the crisis in which this country is always involved, we must abandon the patriotic bandwagon and search for more tangible solutions. Patriotism is only true on very individual basis; it is decided in one's own heart and can never be dictated by advertisers, rock stars, or politicians.



## Time For A Change

By Bryan Donnell

In the past, *The Bell Ringer* has attempted to cover issues arising among the students. A major issue of late has been the dress code. In the last issue the movement towards coat and tie was addressed, the basis of which is the desire to enhance school appearance and image; that is, to make the student

look sharp.

But this is the twentieth century. Fashions have changed, and while coat and tie may look good, the following is suggested as the required dress: Anything with paisley, poofy pleated pants and shirts, black-rimmed (nerd) sunglasses, anything looking old but no big collars, all manner of psychedelia (yet

with a sophisticated look), knee-length shorts (preferably plaid) or short shorts with boxers showing at the legs, pointy shoes, long T-shirts with wild prints and rolled sleeves, canvas slip-on shoes, underwear tank shirts, ripped and/or painted jeans and blue jean jackets. Hair bleached on top, short on sides, choice of perm or spike, tail optional; Grace Jones flattop if you're Travis.

All dress must correspond with the above list. It is claimed that such a dress code would enhance MBA's image in the following ways: (1) such a code would separate us as the progressive leader of a pack of boringly dressed prep schools; (2) it would in most cases greatly improve the appearance of a Polo-and-Khaki generation; (3) it would aid "self-expression" and definitely liven things up around here; (4) it would still provide a Student Council fundraiser, i.e., "Coat and Tie Day," tickets for one dollar each; and (5) it would end all dress code disputes since this is how everyone really wants to look anyway.

It is expected that the Administration will put this code into effect any day now.

after which time either side could "breakout" of the non-binding treaty, but the intent of the document the Soviets were quick to add, would be a permanent end to the testing and development of nuclear weapons.

Though Reagan and company refused to reveal the reason for the U.S.'s refusal of the offer, Pentagon officials hinted that one of the major reasons for our failure to accept was the issue of verifiability. This argument appears to be weak at best. The overwhelming consensus of evidence now suggests that the United States possesses remote sensing technology in highly sophisticated satellites which are more than adequate to detect a blast of half a kiloton, hardly enough to test for a nuclear device, especially given the relatively poor recovery of Soviet missiles.

The obvious reason the Administration decided to refuse the Soviet offer would be the inability for President Reagan to test his first love, the Strategic Defense Initiative.

Though most experts admit deployment of a ballistic missile defense of this kind could not realistically be accomplished until around the turn of the century, and though even conservative universities have turned down grants to do research on the grounds that a growing consensus of military experts conclude that such a ballistic missile defense could spark a uniquely destabilizing offensive/defensive arms race, and though even staunchly Republican senators bewail the devastating effect that the production of such a system would have on the nation's economy, our leaders cling fervently to the utopian scheme.

Now the Soviets are back beating us with the propaganda stick of arms control offers again. And again Reagan is testing his Strategic Defense Initiative and anti-satellite weapons in response. Yet there is much more at stake than winning or losing the propaganda game, or fueling a new round of arms competition in space. At stake is the future of arms control, and more importantly, a chance at deep

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## Terrorism

By Rob Page

What can America do about the problem of terrorism? Recent attacks like the one on the *Achille Lauro* serve to accentuate a problem that is increasing at a rate of 12 to 15 percent per year. The 1980's, in fact, has witnessed more than 300 terror induced deaths. The future looks no better. Terrorists are pressured, with the recent influx of acts, to respond with increasingly novel ideas resulting in more targeted deaths and increasing fatalities. This trend toward hype and more violent extravaganzas makes targets within the United States more enticing, and officials concede that this threat is real.

What is even more threatening is that little is being done to combat terrorism. Reagan, in his campaign against Carter, promised to meet terrorism with "swift and effective retribution," yet this appears to be little more than rhetoric. Reagan's responses seem to ebb and flow with the sentiments of the media and the public. A task force has been appointed to study the problems of terrorism; many recommendations of this commission have been adopted, but terrorism continues to grow.

What is the problem with policies? It seems that Reagan's policies are flawed in one respect: it is intent of avoiding the retribution. Reagan insists he has proven by recent actions that he desires to punish after they act and not to stop terrorism before it starts. What possible good can this do? After a terrorist has acted, his goals are met. The only possible benefit, that

can be achieved is as a future deterrent, but this philosophy is flawed. Measures of retribution serve only to galvanize future attacks and counter-retaliation.

As the U.S. seeks to retaliate against terrorists, the U.S. only succeeds in increasing the motivation that spurs on the terrorists in the first place, and anti-American sentiment. What needs to be done is that America must alter its policy to

profilactic measures. We can no longer afford to negotiate with terrorists, allowing them to achieve their goals. We must adopt a new hardline policy of non-negotiation. We must increase intelligence measures to infiltrate terrorist groups and anticipate their actions. We can no longer sit back and wait for terrorists to attack. We must shift policy intentions, stopping terrorism before it starts.

## Apartheid

By Scott Bennett

Too few Americans realize that the white Afrikaners by and large do not like the idea of Apartheid but rather see it as a social necessity to preserve some semblance of the Western ideas of order and democracy. Apartheid acts as a dam against the tide of the majority of South African blacks who are little more than illiterate, tribal-oriented, superstitious natives. What would be the result if these suddenly became the electorate of a populist democracy? Peace and stability? Hardly.

Too many Americans assume that American blacks are identical to African blacks. Certainly the two share skin color, but that is about it. If the blacks of Africa were orderly, peaceable people, then why has black Africa failed to produce a single stable democracy?

If black Afrikaners were to take control of the government, every scrap of order, stability, civiliza-

tion, and prosperity (including the whites) would be swept off the face of the continent.

Certainly, Desmond Tutu and a few other civilized black leaders can argue that change can come peacefully and without a violent black backlash; but to say that the blacks of South Africa, once freed from the bonds of Apartheid, would respect the lives and liberties of the whites who once controlled them is to say that a rope stretched beyond its limit will not snap and backlash on its pullers.

For a moment, put yourself in the shoes of a white South African. By ending Apartheid, you are putting at risk what democracy you have, the well-being and prosperity of your country, and even your very life. If the "natives get restless," you can't pack up and go home like the 18th and 19th century British, French, and German. You are home. What do you do?

## Arms Control

By Madison Laird

In the last week of July, 1985, top Soviet officials offered a highly controversial treaty to the people of the United States, for acceptance and ratification by the Reagan Administration. The Comprehensive Test Ban Treaty, a ban on testing of nuclear weapons underground, would cease development of nuclear weapons, and effectively begin a reduction in tensions and the nuclear arms race, Soviet leaders said. In the second week of August, 1985, the Reagan Administration, watched closely by the anticipating eyes of virtually every nation on earth, politely refused.

No doubt the Administration, much like every arms control expert in the nation, had given the terms of the treaty much careful thought and examination. The moratorium would be in effect for five months,

## THE BELL RINGER

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## Features

Second Of A Series On Alumni Insights

### Alumni Insights



Nelson Andrews

Mr. Andrews is a graduate of MBA and of Vanderbilt University. While at MBA, Mr. Andrews and a few other students founded *The Bell Ringer*, which has served as the school's newspaper ever since and is now in its forty-second year of publication (this publication is volume 42, number 2). Mr. Andrews is now the president of Brookside Properties. Numbered among his many civic activities is his service as a trustee of both MBA and Vanderbilt.

By Nelson C. Andrews  
Don't know why this comes to mind first... Joe Washington playing the "Maple Leaf Rag" on an old piano usually located in the U of the Study Hall corridor—Joe who doubled as a 135 pound guard—a very private person who never backed up for anybody or anything.

The absolute bedlam of desk pounding and foot stomping, again in the Study Hall, as Howard Allen rallied the whole school for tonight's football game with Springfield. THE game. Literally, the hair stood up on the back of your neck.

The game itself—the pounding heart, dry throat, impossible adrenalin high centered on an absolute commitment to WIN. At that moment in the huddle before THE

game, the rest of the world didn't exist.

The lunch room—same location as now-run by Mrs. Allen (we never thought to criticize the food)—a place of loose comradeship and good times but with absolutely no "Animal House" antics. Mrs. Allen's place—a sanctuary from the academic storms.

The disbelief and "he can't do that to us" as the rumor circulated that our new headmaster, Mr. Sager, would require that we keep our shirts tucked in. He did and we did.

The wonder at Mr. Sager—so big—so serious—so distant—with a rule for everything. Could MBA survive? Could it ever be the same again? We yearned for the "good 'ole days"—which is what those days turned out to be.

The smell of the locker room—our turf—our only turf... no other locker room has ever smelled the same.

The horrifying realization that someone (probably Whitson) has soaked your jock in oil of wintergreen—practice was never so long.

The new baseball field—baseball back as a team sport after many years—and the realization that Coach Allen really knew how to coach baseball too. Pebble cleanup. It was as though you threw every pebble off the diamond one day to come back the next with a fresh supply. The choking remembrance of a bad hop off a pebble in to the adams apple spurred you on.

Mrs. Bitzer's (now Mary Helen Lowry)—unthinkable that the day would come when I could call her Mary Helen) senior English class. How could anyone be so strict and get so enthusiastic? So demanding that when we got it right, there came a feeling of awesome accomplishment.

Gather 'round excitement when somebody other than a teacher drove a car to the campus. Joe Talbot was the envy of all—he had

his own car and was the only regular. It was bus or feet for the rest of us.

The *Bell Ringer*—some of us in our Junior year had said repeatedly—"Why not a newspaper?" "Fess" Rule coming to us and saying—"We don't have any money but if you can sell advertising space first then you have a newspaper." Mr. Sager was for it. Brownlee Currey sold the ads, and we were off and running.

"Fess" Hackman ("Booby"), but never to his face) constantly spitting between his teeth—everywhere... and the world's loosest and most exciting chemistry lab on record. We were big into explosives—Russ Campbell generally gets credit for blowing the hole in the roof.—("Hey Fess, what happens if you mix sodium and H<sub>2</sub>O?") "Fess" yelling, "Everybody out!"

Howard Allen—far and away the finest football coach I have ever known or played for (and that later included Red Blaik, Andy Gustafson, and Red Sanders). A perfectionist—Charley Robinson posted and I blocked on the tackle a thousand and one times in practice. An absolute disciplinarian, you did what he said, when he said, with no deviation. We stood in awe of him, we feared him, and we came to love him. With a 14 man squad we didn't know what the word "substitution" meant. After a disastrous 1943, we tied for the State championship and Al "Goldbrick" Whitson made All-Southern. Heady days—but it was Howard Allen's genius, not us.

Study Hall outside in the Spring—if you were a Senior and had the grades. The special feeling of the sun in your face when everybody else was inside.

Joe Martin leading formal cheers at the games. Self-designated cheerleader with his "aka laka ching—aka laka chow" cheer—(I never knew what it meant)—that and "Are, are..." were the only ones he knew. And Joe was the only one who actually had the nerve to face the crowd and lead a cheer.

"Fess" language class. "Fess" was from Vanderbilt on a part-time basis, and his was the only class where discipline was relaxed. (I doubt he ever gave a demerit.) He even indulged in a few colorful stories from time to time—today's standards would qualify them for Sunday School picnics. You wondered "Is this what College classes will be like?"

Girls. There were none at MBA ever except for ball games. Zero social life on the campus. Girls were who you saw on Friday night if there was no game and Saturday night if you had money enough to spring for the movies. (Or wrangled a "sitting date" if you were financially destitute—a "sitting" date was where you went over to her house and just visited—there was no T.V.) One of life's darkest moments was coming out of the picture show and bumping square into Coach Allen. He never really said it—but you knew you weren't suppose to date during football season.

The segregation of MBA—non



The Homecoming Queen and her court.

## Oldest Alum

(Continued from page 1)

was on the third row, and said, "Yeah, I was in it." And two other boys confessed, and then Mr. Bell sent everyone else to their classes, but kept us behind because our teacher was absent because he had to go visit some of his property in Texas that had gotten hit by a cyclone. Then Mr. Ball came down to where we were and said, "This institution was founded for gentlemen, not a bunch of ruffians. I was ashamed and surprised at what went on here this morning. This is no place for such caliber." I was terribly angry with myself, so we got up and left. Now I remember my teacher's name. It was Ike Gibson, Ikey behind his back, and also Mr. Caldwell taught there. Anyway, later in the day, Mr. Ball sent a janitor to find me in the downtown arcade, and I was drinking cherry soda, and he handed me a note from Mr. Ball that said to meet him at 4:00 in the Real Estate Exchange on Union Street. He walked in the door and shook hands with us, made some remark about the weather, and I was wondering why he didn't get to the point. Then he said it was all his fault, that he should have been on time, but his little boy had taken ill that morning. And then he said that there would never be a word of this said, that nobody else would ever know about it, and that I could come back to school.

*Bell Ringer:* Have you kept up with MBA since you left?  
Yes, I gave a sizeable contribution to the school several years back in hope of furthering education for boys who could not afford it. I made but one stipulation: not a penny of the money could go for athletics.

*Bell Ringer:* Why did you say that?  
Well, you can go out here on the sidewalk and get people to give money for athletics. It's much harder to get a person to contribute money for academics. The mother of the first boy who received part of that money told me that if her boy hadn't gotten the money, he wouldn't have been at school that year because they couldn't pay for it.

*Bell Ringer:* Did MBA ever get out for snow days?  
There was no such thing.

*Bell Ringer:* Since there was no Harpeth Hall School in 1914, how did you meet girls?

They mostly went to Belmont. There was no private girl's school then, Ward-Belmont was always available.

*Bell Ringer:* Were there ever any dances at MBA?

No, there was no social life.

*Bell Ringer:* Then, what did you do on the weekends?

Didn't do anything. We did nothing on weekends.

*Bell Ringer:* How was the football team when you were there?

I only remember seeing one team off, and I remember the name of one boy on the team. That was Tom Lipscomb. He left everything he amassed to Vanderbilt, as far as I know. Athletics were not stressed at all. They were not mandatory then.

*Bell Ringer:* Where did most go to college after MBA?

To the best of my knowledge, most didn't. Some went to Vanderbilt, and some went to dental school, but most didn't go at all.

*Bell Ringer:* Did World War I effect the school?

Not that I know of.

*Bell Ringer:* Was there ever any trouble with alcohol?

No, not at all.

*Bell Ringer:* Were there demerits given for overdue reserve books?

I've never heard of such. *Bell Ringer:* I know you were back at MBA for homecoming. Has the school changed much, as far as the students are concerned?

It's not at all alike. We just had one little building. That was it. I don't know where they played football. There's no comparison in students. It's a different era. We used to have a lot of boys there from the country.

*Bell Ringer:* What advice would you give to the present MBA student body?

I would say less socializing. I have nothing against dancing and partying, but I think students should concentrate more on their studies.

With that last piece of advice, we were summoned to lunch by the chimes. Everyone at the center knows and gets along with Dr. Jackson, who credits his fitness and longevity to careful selection of his foods.

On the wall of the dining room was a sign advertising the center's annual Halloween Costume Party.

One of the lady workers at the center came to tell Dr. Jackson that she was already working on his costume in hopes that he might win the prize. Dr. Jackson merely laughed and nodded nonchalantly. He seems to have all the women wrapped around his finger.

Well, after all, he did graduate from MBA.

Catch the Comet!

MEAD  
TELESCOPES  
AT...

GADGETTE'S

Green Hills Mall  
Brentwood Place

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# Features

Second Of A Series On Faculty Views

## Gaither Interviewed

By Bill Cochran

Mr. Gaither was born on May 20, 1945 in Nashville, TN. He attended the University of Tennessee at Knoxville where he received his Bachelor of Arts and Master of Arts. After college, Mr. Gaither served as a captain in the U.S. Air Force. He served in Korea from 1967 to 1968 and served in Vietnam from 1968 to 1970. The next year, Mr. Gaither joined the faculty of Montgomery Bell Academy.

In a recent interview with *The Bell Ringer*, Mr. Gaither expressed some of his thoughts on life on the Hill and outside the Hill.

**Bell Ringer:** How has the Vietnam experience changed your views toward different aspects of your life such as religion, relationships, etc?

The only real change that's come over me is that a certain cynicism has developed. You realize that very often there are no clear-cut rights and wrongs; that someone with the purest of motives may take the most devious paths to reach his end and consider himself very righteous in doing so.

**Bell Ringer:** You got back from Vietnam in 1970 and became a teacher at MBA in the fall of '71. What was your transition like? Was it a smooth transition? Did you have problems in your job? What was your basic attitude?

Probably the one aspect of the transition that I still think about is that all of a sudden, I came to MBA, and I'm teaching Latin in a high school. The transition from flying over enemy territory, directing air strikes, coordinating air strikes with ground sites, and talking to 14-, 15-year-old Oriental boys who were under attack and who were screaming in the background to becoming a Latin teacher in a high school was incredible. It seems that the intensity on my involvement in teaching high school was certainly less. The ability to view my teaching was taken somewhat lightly at first, because I just didn't see that as being nearly so grave and significant as what I had been involved with.

**Bell Ringer:** Shifting gears, in your opinion, does MBA make its students, gentlemen, scholars, and athletes? You can assess each aspect.

I think MBA gives the student the opportunity, the impetus, and the motivation. If the student has the commitment, he can be a good athlete. MBA has a good coaching staff. MBA has good teachers that try, tirelessly I think, to get the student to put forth his very best. I just don't think there's any doubt about that. In respect to student becoming a gentleman, I think MBA's ability to influence in one way or another is limited, very limited. We can encourage them to do the right thing; we can encourage their moral standards to be high; we can discipline if we find that their standards slip; we can show them what proper conduct is, etc., etc., etc., but if the student, either because of social background or predisposition, is not willing to follow it, there's not a whole lot we can do.

**Bell Ringer:** OK, what is the role and the importance of the Latin

Department at MBA?

Latin has always been a part of the classical curriculum. The classical curriculum stresses the word as the central element of thought; the word is the basic element of thought. Without a highly developed skill with words, you'll never be able to develop complete, thorough thoughts. You'll never be able to articulate the thoughts. For that reason, Latin has always been a central part of the curriculum, the classical curriculum. Back in the middle '60's, when Latin started to slip, and test scores began to fall, and test scores began to fall. Then in the middle '70's, a fellow named Ralph Moschontonio, who is head of language curriculum for the schools of Philadelphia, put in a basic Latin course in the fourth, fifth, and sixth grades. Within less than a year, the students in the base group had improved their reading scores one full grade level. The program was then spread into Indianapolis, Cleveland, New York, Washington DC, Chicago, and the program had the same results of those students who had this basic, simple Latin course, stressing just word roots and syntax. Latin and the vernacular language go hand in hand to develop the student's ability to express himself, to develop his thoughts, and then to articulate them.

**Bell Ringer:** How would you compare MBA's Latin Department with those of other schools?

There's really no comparison. In the summers we get students from other schools who have failed their courses, and invariably, with one exception over the past 12 years, the students who come from other schools have been lost. Generally, they cover about one-half to two-thirds what we cover. The programs are just not as rigorous, accelerated; they just aren't as competitive. They don't match up with our department. We push the students because the students are here to be pushed. The students have a commitment to do well, and we're here to keep their commitment.

**Bell Ringer:** Shifting gears here, what constructive remarks do you have for the MBA students of today?

The only constructive remarks I'd make for the MBA student is that when he enters MBA, he needs to realize that a certain commitment is necessary. MBA is not the type of school where you come at 7:30 and leave at 2:30 and expect to be successful and develop as MBA can help you to develop. The commitment must be your goal.

**Bell Ringer:** How does a person, as you say, get the most out of MBA?

MBA's got a lot to offer, and the student should become involved in as many areas as he can: get on the newspaper staff, get on the annual staff, get involved in athletics, get involved in debate, etc. MBA's got a lot of top-notch, really fine programs here, and if the student wants them, he can really gain from them.

If he decides that, selfishly, he wants only the academic aspects and nothing but grades, then I just don't think he is getting from MBA all that he can.

**Bell Ringer:** So what's your opinion of those students who go to MBA and contribute nothing to the school, outside of academics?

The one complaint that I have heard most from MBA students concerns those students here who do not contribute to anything; they are interested only in their grades, and that's understandable. A student wants the best grades possible so he can get in the best colleges. Sometimes the students overlook the fact that colleges give at least one-third weight to his outside involvements; sometimes up to a half of the college decision is geared towards their extracurricular activities, but the one complaint I have heard from MBA students is that some students' entire purpose at MBA is not to give to MBA, but simply to take the grades and go.

**Bell Ringer:** Do you have any specific criticisms for the MBA student of today?

The only criticism I would have of the MBA student, in general, is that the MBA student expects the teacher to guide him more than the teacher should guide. An MBA student has the intellect and the IQ to do an awful lot more than he really does. I don't know if that's the teacher's fault for guiding him more than the student needs to be guided or if the student himself demands more of the teacher.

**Bell Ringer:** How do you view the administration?

Having been on the faculty under two completely different administrations, I can detect distinct differences in the approach of this current administration. In the past, private school administrations have generally been a real strong headmaster, running the entire school almost singlehandedly. The current administration believes that the school should be run as most businesses are run today, with the Chairman of the Board delegating authority to various subordinates. I don't want to make a judgement of this. It's been effective so far.

**Bell Ringer:** Do you think the students and the faculty have a good relationship, in general?

I think the students and faculty get-along really well. The teachers are more than willing to help the students, both academically and athletically, and the students are very pleasant to the faculty. You seldom, if ever, see a student becoming disrespectful.

**Bell Ringer:** If you had one piece of advice to give to a seventh grade student in relation to his education at MBA, what would it be?

A new student at MBA should immediately make up his mind to make the commitment that he wants to derive from MBA all that he can. If he'll do that, these will be some of the greatest years of his life. If he won't, MBA is so strict, so rigorous, and expects so much of the student that if he doesn't make the commitment, his life at MBA wouldn't be a happy life.



Mr. Gaither helping a student out in Latin class.

## Alumni Insights

(Continued from page 3)

MBA activities. What so many of your classmates did when not at school was a complete mystery. You knew them so well—was there life beyond MBA?

No smoking. You just didn't do it. Drinking was absolutely out of mind. Mr. Sager, Coach Allen, the School—said NO! Even more importantly, peer pressure said no. Maybe we were snobs in reverse—certainly today's label would call us squares. Still... MBA had rules—standards—and we all knew them.

Homework—the one constant, unalterable fact at MBA. Nobody could escape it—even the heroes, Hewitt, Mathews, Whitson, Robinson, Ferguson, Adams—it was everyday, in every subject. (Maybe "Fess" Hackman forgot it just a few times before a big ball game.) It kept you humble and probably out of a lot of trouble. You gripped about it, agonized over it, tried to get it tomorrow—and took books home every night.

Saturday school: never any fun, yet, oh so well worth it, if it is the result of a carefully planned and executed prank. The tearing of a piece of cloth when Madame Sharp bent over to pick up the chalk—or the more serious (but magnificent) limburger cheese behind the radiator. You scheduled each Saturday school possibilities away from home games when the Saturday clean-up was gigantic.

Graduation—a blur really—congratulations and annual signing—girls on the campus—the special excitement of Celebration—cookies and punch—COOKIES AND PUNCH... unbelievable—too busy to look back, that would come later—nobody would admit it but a real sense of achievement—a different feeling toward "Fess", the beginning of understanding of what Mrs. Bitzer had done for us!—apprehension about the future—formality—ceremony—joy—some unaccommodated dignity—great comings and goings—meeting parents (you knew Joe had parents;

he had never mentioned them)—triumph—satisfaction.

School spirit. We never talked about it. The feeling was just there. Loyalty to classmates—a sense of the younger grades looking up to us—maybe a little pride. It showed in cheers that didn't need leading—in a devotion to one another that didn't have to be verbalized. And somehow we have never lost it—we are sharing a feeling today of how much better we are for having been to MBA. And maybe we don't talk about that much either—it's just there and we know it.

Honor. Mr. Sager's—Coach Allen's—Mrs. Bitzer's—"Fess" Rule's—"Fess" Hackman's—in fact every teacher's favorite word. A slight embarrassment that we are supposed to be so dedicated to it; and yet, a fierce defense to any who would challenge. Honor and MBA—inseparable.

...To you who are now MBA students, much of this will seem so serious, so stilted, so old fashioned, so emotional. We remember, though, that the times were serious, were emotional. We were in the middle of World War II—most of us would graduate into the Army or Navy. We were serious about honor and integrity and principles and loyalty and winning and the importance of disciplined leadership. And don't think we didn't have fun. We did. We really did! I'm sure there were bad times—we didn't always win—we had our share of the trials and tribulations that you have in going to school. Those kind of memories fade. The memories left are good. Perhaps they can all be gathered together and expressed by simply saying "we were at MBA in 1944—there have never been better times."

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# Entertainment

## Prison Art Show

By Brian Donnell

After almost three months of preparation, M.B.A.'s second annual Prison Art Show opened on October 27 and ran until November 17. The show was larger and more expansive than last year's; over 200 works were submitted (of which as many as possible were displayed) from the Tennessee State Prison, the Women's Prison, Deberry Correctional Institute, Morgan County, Lake County Regional, Turney Center, Fort Pillow, and the East Tennessee Reception Center. A wide range of media was used, including oil and acrylic paints, charcoal, pastel, pencil, and pen and ink. In addition, there were sculptures comprised of matchsticks and popsicle sticks, crocheted works, and even a doll. Many of these works were on sale, costing anywhere from five to fifty dollars.

The show was a collaboration of the Department of Corrections and Dismas House, a sort of halfway-house for convicts, to which 20% of the show's sales will go. M.B.A.'s

own Mr. Jim Womack, however, was the chief visionary, director, and laborer of the show. He worked continuously since August to produce the show, visiting and motivating prisoners, working out red tape, and finally spending a climactic twenty-four hours in arranging and hanging the pictures.

The opening of the show, as all Art History students can attest, was the show's finest hour. Lisa Moody, who researched and interviewed the artists, was on hand to discuss the relation of the prisoners to their art. The slide show depicting the ominously dramatic entrance into Turney Center was on display, although without the first-hand narration that accompanied it in Mr. Womack's assembly presentation the next day. The opening drew many visitors, who viewed the paintings, some of which stayed hung only for the opening, and consumed refreshments with fervor. Many visitors, though, deemed it appropriate to miss the opening and visit at random until the last day of

the show.

The show was basically a continuation of last year's show, but it was different in many aspects. This year there was a group of inmates already there to go to for art, eliminating the need for a repetition of last year's artist scavenger hunt. Also, some credibility for the show had been established, causing prisoners to become more motivated and even excited about working toward a display of their art. The recent prison riots served to impede the process a great deal; for example, nearly all of Joe Buck's previous works were destroyed. The artists managed to produce, though; indeed, they turned out what some would term a "better" show than last year. There were more works, more prisons represented, and a greater diversity of media. A great deal of true talent was displayed; many works were very professional despite the artists' lack of training and fine materials. Another important distinctive feature of the show was its in-

creased involvement of prisoners. One ex-convict was on hand to help hang the pictures. Also, Joe Buck, one of the prolific artists, sponsored money for awards to be given to artists whom Art History students picked as being among the best. There were also more pictures that related directly to the individual feelings of the artists—some that were even disturbing to look at.

Many of the pieces that were in the show shared some common characteristics. Many of them dealt with buoyant, beautiful, comforting, or uplifting subjects such as nature scenes, portraits of friends, or fantasy images, perhaps serving as a means for the artists to combat the general grimness and drudgery of their surroundings and to maintain a foothold in the outside world. On the other hand, many of the works dealt directly with the artists' fears and problems; a few of the paintings by Joe Buck display such disturbing topics as rejection by friends, an electric chair reaching

for a screaming mother's child, and following a friend into hell. Such pictures seem to be windows into troubled or even tormented souls; but they are not to be overlooked or avoided for that reason; for the purpose of art is, after all, to serve as a medium for the artist to convey his reality to an observer. These works certainly serve an important purpose in the prisoners' lives, therefore, because the creation of the works was almost always more than a means of idling time—the artistic process served as a means for the prisoners to utilize their creativity and to preserve and develop a sense of identity and self-esteem, and ends up being a very constructive and vital part of the artists' prison life.

Anyone who missed the show (if, indeed, anyone did) definitely missed out on a very interesting, revealing, and thought-provoking event. Hopefully, the show sparked some significant thought and brought observers closer to a world they might otherwise not have experienced.

## Music Reviews

### Kate Bush

By Brent Allen

For those of you who don't know the difference between Kate Bush and Cyndi Lauper, one has a new LP out titled *Hounds Of Love*, and the other is a hound. For the wretchedly uninformed, Kate Bush is probably the best and most underplayed artist of our time. Her voice is so beautiful that she could sing the telephone book and make it sound better than the best song ever written. *Hounds Of Love* is one of her best albums yet. Although WRVU is the only station that plays her cuts, it is only a matter of time before commercial radio picks up on her growing popularity and begins to release her songs to the unenlightened masses as they have done previously with such groups as A-ha and Howard Jones. This album is definitely a must.

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### Sheila E.

By Nick Anton

Sheila E. has recently released a follow-up to her first album, *The Glamorous Life*. This album, *Romance 1600*, introduces a new band behind her voice and drums. A song from the album is featured in Sheila's debut film *Krush Groove*. The songs on *Romance 1600* range from upbeat dance tunes like "Toy Box" and title song to slower ones like "Dear Michaelangelo" and "Bedtime Story." A full range of songs on this album display Miss E.'s abilities as percussionist and singer. She easily overcomes criticisms about her lack of singing ability in both "Michaelangelo" and "Bedtime Story." Her talents also deny criticisms as she extends her ability outside the studio and off stage by producing, writing, and arranging all of the songs. This new album, recorded on the Paisley Park label, is a formidable addition to any record collection.

### Prefab Sprout

By Rob Baker

This album is the second from this English quartet. No comparisons can be made between

Prefab Sprout and any other group because there are none. They are unlike any other group. The key to Prefab is the strong vocals of Paddy McAloon. These are backed by Wendy Smith. Instruments play a secondary role in the group. Thomas Dolby played synthesizer and produced the album. The best cuts are "When Love Breaks Down," "Bonny," and "Moving the River." However, all the songs are exceptional. This album is highly recommended (and so is their first album *Swoon*.)

### Shriekback

*Oil and Gold* is the first album from a group which is made up of members of several other bands. 91 Rock listeners will immediately recognize the harsh vocals of Shriekback on songs like "Nemesis," "Everything That Rises Must Converge," and "Fish Below the Ice." Shriekback shows their versatility with more subdued songs as well. This album contains a good variety of styles which makes one look forward to more from Shriekback.



Onlookers admire the works of the Prison Art Show.

### In Pursuit

This five-song EP is the first recording on a major label for this Nashville group. In Pursuit combines strong vocals (from all three members) with REM-like guitar to create an excellent sound. Side one

is the better, with the best songs being "Losing Control" and "When Darkness Falls." In Pursuit's first album is due out this fall and it is guaranteed to be a good one.

## Arms Control

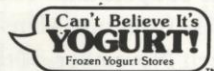
(Continued from page 2)

slashes in nuclear arsenals, and positive steps in the proper direction of disarmament. Certainly the bomb is clearly a blessing as long as the name of the game is deterrence. But there's always the risk that deterrence might fail, in a crisis, or accident, or through catalytic war, and the only way to eliminate the possibility of these scenarios

becoming reality is to change the rules of the game by which we play.

The chance has been offered again by the Soviets, in the form of a new proposal, written with elimination of SDI possibilities BY BOTH SIDES. Ironically, President Reagan refuses in the name of Ballistic Missile Defense, which he says will "Make nuclear weapons obsolete."

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# Entertainment

## Update of Local Bands

By Rob Baker

In the last year, the music scene in Nashville has grown tremendously. Nashville has become one of the most progressive cities in the Southeast. Few local bands have received national exposure yet, but with local popularity, national fame is not far behind.

Though it may surprise some people, the most famous local band is probably Jason and the Scorchers. The Scorchers are internationally known, having toured Europe and much of the United States. They have a unique blend of country and rock which is not 'Nashville 95' type of music at all. They recently played an incredible free concert at Cats. They showed their versatility as they roared through the songs from their two EPs and their current album, *Lost and Found*. This album is very impressive and is not

just a lot of country love songs.

Another popular Nashville band is the White Animal. A favorite of Harpeth Hall, the group is now enjoying great success around the country. They have been favorites of New York's underground critics for years. In the past, their albums did not sound professional. They had a garage sound which was fine for 'independent' stations, but the commercial stations demanded higher quality sound. Their new album, which had been well over a year in the making, is more in keeping with commercial standards. It is due out any time, and the songs are typical White Animals. They are set to play again this year at the Harpeth Hall Roundup, so look for them there.

Raging Fire is definitely one of Nashville's brightest bands. Their

rough and tough rock is great in concert. Melora Zaner's vocals are incredible. They currently have a four-song EP on sale at Cats. Keep an eye on Raging Fire, they are going places.

Nashville's reggae scene is represented by (Afrikaan) Dreamland and Freedom of Expression. Dreamland has been around for several years. They are "hard-core" reggae, with dreadlocks and a true Jamaican sound. They are breaking up for one year to pursue their personal careers. (One member is a practicing lawyer!) Freedom of Expression is a ska band, similar to General Public. They have an EP available locally, however, I don't think it captures their true sound.

Several other local bands are destined for stardom too. Walk the West, my favorite local band, is a

definite candidate for stardom. They have several singles in heavy ariplay on 91 Rock. However, none of their material has been released directly to the public. I think this is because they are still in a growing stage, and are afraid of people getting too hung up on their ever-changing sound. The Enemy, a semi-punk band, is due to release a ten song tape and an EP at any time. The loss of guitarist Lee A. Carr will really hurt them.

The Movement is yet another group with a bright future. They have released a single which is very hard to find. It contains their popular songs 'Living in a Trance' and 'Here I Stand.' An EP, rumored to be outstanding, should be out in November.

Chapel of Roses is a band that must not be forgotten. A lot of people at MBA may be familiar with

them because of the lead vocals of Chris Kelley and the behind-the-scenes work of Ben Vance. They are due to have an EP out soon. Their studio work has kept them out of clubs, and we hope to see them live again very soon.

Unbelievably, this article just touches the Nashville music scene. Smokeless Zone, Chip and the Chitons, Will Rambeaux and the Delta Hurricanes, Bill Loyd, The Questionnaires, the Wayouts, In Pursuit, P.M.S., and dozens of other fine bands are around as well. Nashville also has its heavy metal scene. Lust, Hard Knox, Roxx, and other groups of this "genre" can be seen in Nashville if metal is your preference. I hope that this article proves that there is more to Nashville than the Grand Ole Opry.

## Rock Lyric Controversy

By Travis Jackson

In recent weeks, the so-called "rock lyric controversy" has received heavy coverage in print and on the airwaves. The Parents' Music Resource Center with help from Tipper Gore and other prominent women, is attempting to "clean up" rock music which now glorifies sex, violence, drugs and alcohol, and the occult. They have proposed both a ratings system and a warning label system to inform consumers of a record's content, and they have proposed a suggestion to print lyrics on album covers. Artists have raised opposition to their claims and questions about their motives.

What follows is an attempt at an objective representation of both sides' viewpoints and a few editorial comments on the issue addressed.

The arguments for a ratings system are along the lines of common decency and morality. The PMRC and many parents believe that "filth and pornography" have no place on the airwaves, or in children's minds. After all, children, regardless of age, are very impressionable and, exposure to unhealthy stimuli such as those mentioned above could be very detrimental to a child's development. From this viewpoint, record ratings can be a very valuable tool for parents and other consumers.

Members of the record industry, like Frank Zappa, have voiced opposition to the opinions of the PMRC. Their major point is that the record-rating quite possibly could lead to censorship. It would only be a matter of time before content was being controlled and not

just rated. In addition, they argue that ratings might make some records more attractive and others less attractive because of the stickers. They also add the rights to lyrics belong to publishing companies such as ASCAP and BMI. Permission has to be obtained to print the lyrics on an album's inner sleeve because the publishing companies are there to protect the artist's work.

Another major point in their argument, is that, in many cases, the line between what is offensive and what is simply a matter of interpretation. In accordance, they would like to know who is qualified to rate the more than 250,000 songs which are released every year and who will decide what is innuendo or metaphor and what is not.

Strictly in my opinion, the issues

which are being brought forth now have always been present. The artists themselves definitely do have a responsibility, not only to observers of their work, but also for them. When a statement of any sort is presented to the public, the artist is responsible for the effects of his work whether they may be insignificant or monumental.

This responsibility of the artist, however, offers no justification to writer and oral activists who blame society's ills on rock. The examples they use to support their claims may have been intensified in their deviancy in part by rock music, but it is not a single overriding cause. For example, San Francisco's Night Stalker may have been obsessed with AC/DC, but the music only triggered an already present neurosis. Our society does not have

many moral problems, but to blame them on rock music is as ludicrous as saying that bad spirits cause illness.

The parents of today's children also have a responsibility. Any parent who permits his young children to come into contact with negative influences, such as some pornographic or satanic rock and then blames those influences for deviations in his child's behavior is just as guilty as the creators of those influences if they allow it.

In the final analysis, the issue of record rating is a good idea which is possibly too difficult to implement and which would be rendered unnecessary if the artists and parents both recognized their responsibilities to today's youths.

## Debaters Successful As Usual

By Scott Bennett

The Forensic Team opened its year on September 27 at the Faulkner Invitational Tournament sponsored by the University of Mississippi. If this tournament is any indication of future success, MBA should do quite well this year. Two MBA debaters broke into elimination rounds, and the team of Madison Laird and John Joe finished the competition with sixth place speaker award. In individual events, several MBA seniors spearheaded the blitzkrieg that was to give the team the first place sweepstakes award. In extemporaneous speaking, Charlie Reasor and Scott Bennett both competed in the final round. In humorous interpretation, Jeff Frace finished a strong first place, and Novice Michael Starr rounded things out by taking fifth in after-dinner speaking.

On Oct. 5, while most of the team took a weekend off and Warren

Sprouse recuperated from a bout with mono, a handful of varsity and novice debaters traveled to Maplewood to compete in their invitational tournament. Michael Starr took a first place in poetry interpretation and a second place in prose interpretation. Also, Scott Bennett won international extemporaneous speaking.

From Oct. 11 to Oct. 12, MBA

competed in the Mars Hill Southern Open Tournament. In debate, Madison Laird was named top speaker, and he and Warren Sprouse captured the first place trophy. In individual events, Jeff Frace won humorous interpretation, while teammate Michael Starr won poetry interpretation and broke to elimination rounds in dramatic interpretation, winning fourth place on his first attempt in

that area.

In recent Student Congress, Scott Bennett was elected first the Most Outstanding Senator and later the President of the Senate by com-

petitors from other schools.

The entire team hopes to continue its successful streak over the next few weeks as it travels to other tournaments of high competition.

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# Sports

## The "Cruisers" Take A Road Trip

By Will Campbell and Andy Davis

After weeks of preparation, the MBA "cruisers" embarked on a week-end "night journey" to Lexington, Kentucky for a rendezvous with destiny at Kentucky Horse Park, site of many international steeplechase horse races and the Lexington Catholic High School Invitational on Saturday, October 5th.

The team consisting of Steve "Golden Boy" Zibas, Jimmy "Gee you talk funny" Zibas, Andy "The Mouth" Davis, Jim "I'm rebound-

ing back from my bout with blackouts" Campbell, Pat "Aqua Velve Man" Bowers, John "Sleeptalker" Cole, Will "Cruiser" Campbell, Jay "Rodney-No Respect" Knowles, and chaperones Drake and Pruitt, left MBA on Friday, October 4th and cruised four hours to the Horse Park Inn. On the way, the team was inspired by their theme song "Shama-Lama-Ding-Dong" and by the unexpected sighting of Mr. Gatti himself, Wayne Oldham.

The team stopped first at the park to survey the course. Donned in coats and ties, the team was jeered by opposing coaches and competitors as rain began to fall. Next stop was the party station, room 229 at the Inn (228 was evacuated due to unbearable odors produced by an unknown Zibas). In their formal attire they dined at the local Pizza Hut where Knowles entertained the team with pizza vaulting and nasal coke spewing.

The real party began back at the Inn where at least ten different cross country teams were lodging. One girls' team from Sydney, Ohio, affectionately known as "Bill's Angels", approached the cruisers with dirty intentions. The MBA gentlemen, in response to their requests, replied, "Room 229." Davis and Zibas then invited up a very masculine girls' team from Shawnee, Ohio. When the all blonde girls' team from Knoxville Webb arrived, Bowers and Campbell welcomed them with the obvious line: "cruise on up to 229." By about 11:00 p.m., the room was crowded with girls from three states who had come to party with the cruisers. The MBA team found out that Will Campbell is Jim Campbell's brother. A Knoxville girl made this incredible discovery without a clue from her friends.

Opposing coaches searched the grounds for their runners as the party continued, while the MBA coaches rested up for the big race the next morning. Later in the evening, the Inn manager joined the fun, expressing his cordiality by saying, "you guys are raising too much H---." After the numerous phone calls to the teams' rooms, including two calls to the coaches' room, the MBA cruisers managed to go to bed.

The next morning, it was off to the races where MBA had accumulated a larger support group than ever before and placed fifth.



The "Cruisers" in Lexington, KY.

## Varsity Golf

By Carter Brothers

The 1985 golf season ended on a bitter note with a disappointing 5th place finish in the State Tournament held at Henry Horton State Park. The M.B.A. team compiled a 12-1-1 record. Led by senior Pat Parker, the team demolished the competition in the District Tournament with an MBA golfer winning each of the four medalist awards: low medalist Michael Shears (71), 2nd medalist Pat Parker (71), 3rd medalist Carter Brothers (77), and 4th medalist Harris Gilbert (78). In the regional Tournament, the team squeezed by 2nd place Goodpasture by four shots. Michael Shears spear-headed the assault with an excellent 71 round. Michael tied for low medalist but lost in the play off to Goodpasture's Trey Lewis.

MBA entered the State Tournament with high expectations of a possible state title victory. After a mediocre first day total of 316, led by a strong 76 by Michael Shears and a fine 78 by Pat Parker, the

golf team found themselves 11 strokes back of the leaders: Chattanooga Notre Dame and Knoxville Farragut. The second day brought a strong move by MBA golfers to displace the leaders. Both Pat Parker and Carter Brothers shot 37 on the first nine while Harris Gilbert added a 39. Rain, however, brought an hour and a half delay to the tournament while officials waited for greens on the back to dry. The officials resumed play, but they had waited too long. The heavy rainstorm ended any chance to finish 18 holes, and it appeared that the tournament would end after 27 holes of play. Due to poor execution of the officials during the first rain delay, two foursomes were unable to finish the front nine. The officials disallowed the front nine scores and accepted only the previous 18 hole total. MBA ended up in 18th place, but the team found consolation in the fact that they had all played well on the second day.

## Microbe Football

By Josh Easter

This year's Microbe football squad, coached by Mr. Forrester with help from Coaches Gaither, Hopping, and Killian, compiled a record of 3 wins and 3 losses. A potent offense and an inner determination to bang heads with opponents with more physical ability have contributed to the Little Red's success.

The Microbes opened the season with a loss to a tough Ezell-Harding team. Despite the loss, QB Billy Crawford and FB/LB Dan Brooks played well. The following week, B.G.A. invaded the hill and eked out a hard-fought 8-0 win over MBA. The 'Crobes finally got on track seven days later with a victory over neighborhood rival Ensworth. Tight end Billy Lyel and TB/LB David Trainer were key players in MBA's dominance over the Tigers.

Within the next two weeks, the Microbes added 2 more victories in the win column by bombing Nashville Christian and the cocky Franklin Road Academy Rebels. Lineman Andy Graves and end Tate McDaniel had great games against N.C.S., while Dan Brooks and Billy Crawford were the stars in the 32-0 thrashing of the cocky Rebs. Following the win over the Rebels, the Microbes faced massive Williamson County rival Northside. The Red struck first with a 50-yard scoring jaunt by FB Brooks, but the Vikings used their size thereafter to power past MBA 12-7.

The Microbes were to close their season with a meeting with Goodpasture on October 24, but thanks to the rain, the game was cancelled. Thus, the Microbes ended with a .500 season.

## Freshman Tradition

By Jim Harwell

The freshman football tradition continues! Led to supremacy by last year's team, the city champion "Junkyard Dogs", this year's squad had produced exciting play and a 4-3 record.

The 1985 freshman gained valuable experience from first-year head coach Tom Moore, a graduate of M.B.A. whose enthusiasm and knowledge of the game changed the outcome of the year.

"Coach Moore has taken them a long way," said M.B.A. assistant David Pack of the small but dedicated squad. Coaches Herring, Compton, and Henderson also coached this year.

The season ended with good and bad news. Playing arch-rival Father Ryan on October 25 for the district title and for a berth in the 1985 City Championship, the freshman lost a heart-breaking defensive battle 7-0. The Big Red opened at Apollo

(Antioch). Lineman Kelsey "Twinkle Toes" Fitzpatrick's touchdown on an interception return sparked the 17-7 win. Running back Chris Hall, tight end Bo Healy, and Greg Downer all played especially well. The frosh then lost two games on the road: a 17-0 loss to Overton, ending an eight-game winning streak, and a 14-2 loss at Maplewood. In both games, M.B.A. allowed no points in the second half. The Big Red then got back on the track, edging neighborhood rival Hillsboro 6-0. A 33-yard pass from quarterback Drew Robison to wide receiver John Smithwick late in the game was the clincher. The next week, M.B.A. unloaded a 30-6 rout on Hillwood, finally winning big. Billy Frist, James Gooch, Greg Downer, and Smithwick all had TD's that day. Bo Healy, Worcester Bryan, and Fitzpatrick all had great days on defense, with huge fullback Rabin Nimmo spurring the offense. But the season did not end on a sour note. The Big Red got to play on Vanderbilt's Dudley Field, on the turf in front of 41,000 screaming fans (a little exaggeration). That was an experience the frosh will never forget.

Then the frosh hosted the tough Glenciff Colts in a crucial game. M.B.A. went up 7-0 on a 12-yard touchdown pass from Robison to Frist and Hall's extra point, but then Glenciff shocked M.B.A. with a 60-yard TD ramble on the last play of the first half, after an M.B.A. fumble (all in the same play!), and a 95-yard kickoff return to open the second half. But M.B.A. fought back with second-half touchdowns by Nimmo and Hall to win 19-14. Safety Jason Burroughs' interception sealed the win.

The offense was led by many stars in 1985, but the solid line of Sheldon Griffin, Fitzpatrick, Mike Seshul, Michael O'Hare, and David Kerr had a great year. The defense had two shutouts and dedicated playing from everyone.

The football tradition continues.



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# Sports

## District Champs

By Robby Bueno

When the 1985 football season began, 23 seniors had a dream: to win the district and go to the state playoffs. Days, weeks, and months were spent talking, thinking, hoping, lifting, running, and dreaming as August 30 approached.

The Big Red opened the anxiously awaited season with a 17-0 shutout of Tullahoma. On Tullahoma's opening drive of the game, the MBA defense played as if it were asleep, allowing the Wildcats to drive down the field. With their backs against the wall, the defense finally woke up and stopped Tullahoma at the 17. After the Wildcats missed a field goal, the MBA offense took control. The Big Red offense was able to move the ball consistently against Tullahoma throughout the first half but was able to put only seven points on the scoreboard with a 25-yard run by tailback Will Meyer in the second quarter. The Big Red defense dominated the second half as it recorded its first shutout of the season. In the third quarter, Jeff Owen kicked a 31-yard field goal to make the score 10-0. A one yard plunge by Takis Patikas in the fourth quarter sealed the victory. Patikas' touchdown was set up by Chip Fridrich interception and return.

In a highly publicized District II-AAA showdown, MBA failed to rise to the occasion as the Big Red suffered its first and only loss of the regular season to Antioch. The defense held the Bears to just one touchdown, but the offense was impotent, gaining only 82 yards for the game. Poor field position, lack of execution, and turnovers spelled doom for the Big Red. MBA's record fell to 0-1 in the toughest district in the state. The loss to Antioch left a bitter taste in the team's mouth, and they looked forward to the Beech game to redeem themselves.

The Big Red accomplished what they hoped for: an improvement from last week's game. MBA destroyed Beech as Talbot Masten exploded for a lot of yards and two touchdowns. Jeff Owen opened the scoring with a 31-yard field goal in the second quarter. Masten rambled 56 yards to make the score 10-0.

Robert Michael Reed then kicked a 33-yard goal. After an excellent kickoff return by Paul Soper, MBA had great field position to open the second half. The Big Red took advantage of the opportunity, driving down to the one from where Masten plowed in for his second TD. The score was 21-0, but the Red was not finished. After a long run by Soper, Tommy Frist scored from the sixth on a quarterback keeper. Jeff Owen completed the scoring with a 36-yard field goal. Credit must be given to the offensive line of Hunt, Owen, Bueno, Downey, Wills, and Sullivan, who opened up enormous holes all night long. The defense hoped to record its second shutout, but Beech managed to score with three seconds left to make the final score 30-7.

MBA visited neighborhood rival Hillwood, determined not to repeat the nightmare of '84. The Big Red defeated the Hilltoppers on the ground as Will Meyer rushed for 137 yards, and Talbot Masten added another 117 yards. The MBA defense shut down the Hillwood offense, never allowing the Toppers to come close to the endzone. The Big Red offense moved the ball well but was unable to score more than 14 points because of too many costly penalties. Meyer put the first points on the board on a two yard run in the first quarter. Even though MBA dominated the second half, it had scored only seven points going into the final quarter. Paul Soper soon changed that on a spectacular 22-yard catch and run. The defense then took over, preserving the victory and recording its second shutout of the season. MBA soundly defeated a previously undefeated team and improved its overall record to 3-1 and district record to 1-1.

MBA played host to mid-state power Dickson County in an important non-district matchup. A balanced offensive attack and a stingy defense combined for the victory. MBA's first score came on a 15-yard run by a shoeless Talbot Masten. The run culminated a nine-play, 50-yard drive which began with excellent field position provided by a good punt returned by Will Meyer. For the second game in a row the MBA offense consistently moved the ball but was unable to

score very many points. With a 7-0 lead in the third quarter, the offense needed a score to complement the efforts of the defense which had allowed the Cougars across mid-field only once. Takis Patikas responded for the offense as he hit a wide-open Brad Fuson for a 29-yard touchdown. Patikas had an impressive showing, completing seven out of thirteen attempts for 126 yards and a touchdown. With a 13-0 lead, the defense took over. Todd Bottorff recorded the first "blue star" (blocked punt) of the season in MBA's third shutout, with a 4-1 record, the Big Red awaited the remaining five games, all of which were district games.

Pearl-Cohn was the Red's next victim. In the first of five key district games, MBA destroyed the Firebirds 41-0. Will Meyer led the offense with 102 yards rushing and two touchdowns. Meyer's TDs gave the Big Red a 14-0 advantage at the end of the first quarter. In the second quarter, the scoring continued as Talbot Masten blasted in from the five yard line. Takis Patikas completed the first half scoring with a 25-yard pass to Paul Soper. MBA continued to dominate in the second half despite being held scoreless in the third quarter. The situation soon changed, however, as Tommy Frist hit a lonesome Chris Burch for a 24-yard touchdown at the beginning of the fourth quarter. Mark Smith smashed in from the two to complete the scoring. The Big Red defense recorded its third straight shutout, preventing a very fast and talented Pearl-Cohn team from scoring.

The Big Red rolled to its fifth consecutive victory and its fourth straight shutout by powering past Glenciff 28-0. MBA used a balanced offensive attack to defeat the host Colts in a hard fought contest. MBA jumped to a 21-0 halftime lead. Talbot Masten bulled in for two touchdowns, and Takis Patikas hit Nick Sieveking for the other score. In the first half, the defense limited Glenciff to twelve yards total offense, while the offense was plagued by turnovers. MBA took the second half kickoff and marched 80 yards downfield to score on a six yard run by Dave Malone. The Colts refused to quit as the Big Red was unable to score again. MBA continued, however, to control the game with good defense and a solid rushing attack. The Big Red upped its overall record to 6-1 and district record to 3-1.

MBA returned home to play Hillsboro the following week. Both the MBA players and the large Homecoming crowd enjoyed the game as the Big Red annihilated, blasted, blitzed, destroyed, demolished, crushed, ripped, and downright humiliated the Burros 54-0. The win was the sixth straight victory and the fifth straight shutout for MBA. The 54 points was the most scored by a MBA team since 1977 when MBA beat Pearl 56-0. The Big Red managed to score only three points in the first quarter on a 36-yard field goal by Jeff Owen. In the second quarter,



Will Meyer blocks for a Patikas run.

however, MBA exploded for 24 points. John Jenkins and Talbot Masten scored on short runs, while Lee Vaughn raced 34 yards for another touchdown. Owen kicked his second field goal of the game, a 32 yarder, seconds before the first half ended. Chip Fridrich contributed to the only points in the third quarter, scoring on an eight yard pass from Patikas. Clay Trabue added two more touchdowns in the fourth quarter to complete the offensive massacre. The defensive effort was highlighted by a blocked punt by Todd Bottorff and a 25-yard interception return for a touchdown by Michael McNally. The Big Red defense did not allow the Burros across the 50-yard line for the entire game and also forced five turnovers.

The ninth week of the season provided an intense, hard-hitting battle between the Big Red and the Irish. MBA jumped on Ryan early, scoring 14 points in the first half. The Big Red completely dominated the first half on both sides of the ball, rolling up 183 total yards while holding Ryan to only 10 total yards. The offense failed to score with excellent field position twice in the first half. This problem would plague MBA for the rest of the game. The Big Red's first half scores came on a one yard plunge by Takis Patikas and a 63-yard gallop by John Jenkins. Jenkins, in only his second game at tailback, was awesome, rushing for 190 yards on 24 carries. In the second half, MBA continued to fail to capitalize on excellent field position provided by the defense. Father Ryan, forced to pass, found success through the air. The Irish scored in the third quarter to make it 14-7. In the fourth quarter, the MBA was driving, but the drive ended with a fumble on the Ryan 27. The Irish were given an opportunity to score with six minutes left to play and took advantage of the chance, passing its way down the field. A little over a minute remained in the game, and Ryan had the ball at the MBA 19. With its back against the wall and its playoff hopes on the line, the defense had to rise to the occasion. And it did, forcing a fumble

recovered by Robby Bueno. The offense then ran out the clock, thus preserving a 14-7 victory. This crucial win raised the Big Red's overall record to 8-1 (5-1 in the district) and kept its playoff hopes alive.

The fate of this year's team was to be determined in 48 minutes on November 1, 1985. It was do or die for the Big Red as it faced reigning district champs Overton. Three months of practice came down to this game. Both the district title and MBA's playoff chances were at stake. The MBA team did not disgrace itself or the large, enthusiastic crowd as the Big Red dominated Overton 21-0. On MBA's first offensive play of the game, John Jenkins went untouched for a 29-yard touchdown. John Griffith's fumble recovery had given the offense the ball in such good field position. One play after the ensuing kickoff, Rob Elliot intercepted a pass and took it 34 yards for a score. Takis Patikas sneaked over from the one in the second quarter to put the Big Red on top 21-0. The 12-play, 72-yard drive was highlighted by a 43-yard bomb from Patikas to Paul Soper. The MBA defenders, who "haven't got much speed", shutdown the explosive Overton offense. Led by the hard hitting of Dave Malone, Rob Elliot, Chuck Brandon, Hudson Walker, and Kenny Russell, the best defense in the city recorded its seventh "goose egg" of the season. The defensive secondary of Elliot, Malone, Soper, Vaughn, and Fuson, which some criticized after the Ryan game, played superbly as it refused to give the much ballyhooed Bobcat passing attack any yards or any respect. Also playing well was the defensive line which put the heat on the Overton quarterback time after time. Big Red pride really came through in style as the District II-AAA championship returned to The Hill after a six year absence.

The weeks of preparation and sacrifice had paid off. The 1985 Big Red were district champs and were going to the state playoffs. The dream was fulfilled.



Robert Michael Reed boots one.

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